

**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**  
FIGHTS AGAINST VILLA ROY  
in  
**"BILLY BATSON'S  
BOYHOOD"**



LET ME TALK TO  
THE WILD MAN,  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

PLUS  
ANOTHER ADVENTURE  
FEATURING  
**MR. TAWNY**  
*the talking tiger*

A Fawcett Publication



# Captain Marvel

NOVEMBER 1941

**WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
HEROES**

**WORLD'S GREATEST  
HEROES**




**AND TERRY**  
The Making of a Hero



# CAPTAIN MARVEL'S FUNERAL!



AND THE ARMY IN THE DISTANT LAND OF TIBET...



YOU CAN'T TREAT ME BRACKA LIKE THIS! JUST BECAUSE I LOST THE ELECTION FOR GRAND KUN BOOT SUPERIOR TALKED LAVA!





AFTER ALL, I GOT TWENTY FOUR  
 HOURS! EVEN IF I CAST TWENTY-  
 THREE OF THE WORST BOB  
 FISHERS WITH SPOILED SAVERS!  
 BUT I ALSO GOT TO  
 THE WORK OF  
**BOBBY**  
 TRAVIS!



I COULD WANT  
 WELL, THEY WANTED ME  
 TO COME BACK! BUT THAT  
 MIGHT TAKE A LONG TIME!  
 SO... GO TO AMERICA, WHERE  
 THEY DO NOT KNOW  
 DRAMA AND HIS  
 EYE, WHY!



AND NO DRAMA,  
 MASTER OF DRAMA,  
 CALLED FOR THE LAND  
 OF PLUITY!  
**BOBBY!**  
 ANY JEWELS  
 AND MEDALS?  
 THE  
 DRUMS WENT  
 TRYING BEEN  
 FROGGED?  
 SOMEBODY  
 SECURE BY  
 WALLEY?



HUNTER, B. LIFEBOT  
 DISAPPEARED DURING  
 THE VOYAGE!  
 DO DID ONE  
 OF THE  
 PROCEEDINGS!  
 A MAY AWARD  
 OF MERIT!



SOMEONE LATER, BILLY BAYSON SETS UP AN  
 FORMAL OFFICE AT SEAFORD WARE!  
 I'D LIKE TO CHECK THE FINAL  
 DRAFT FOR MY BROADCAST  
 TONIGHT



**BOOM!** in a matter  
 of COME-TOGETHER MOMENTS!  
**Seaford!**



WITH BILLY BAYSON  
 BANG! BOOM! THERE  
 IS A BLAST OF MAGIC  
 LIGHTNING THAT  
 CHANGED HIM INTO THE  
 WORLD'S MOST  
 FORTUNE TELLER!  
**CAPTAIN  
 MARVEL!**



WHAT MADE HIM  
 DO THAT A  
 CRAZY THING?



REALLY, BE WORRIED YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD TO HAVE SUSPECTED WOULD DO ANY THING LIKE THIS!



REALLY, BE ASHAMED OF YOU! I HOPE NONE OF YOUR FRIENDS HEARS ABOUT IT!



AND FERRARONE.....

OH / HELLO, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE, THANKS ALL / FINALLY / I DON'T YOU MADE OUT YOUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, TOO!



YOU LEAVE JEROME WREIB, AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU OWN TO A FELLOW NAMED CORRAL / AND HE BE ? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

BEH! A MASTER OF JOKE / BEG GEEK TO ASK ME ALL ABOUT IT / A FASCINATING TALKING CAPTAIN MARVEL!



I EXPECT TO GET BUSINESS LETTERS FROM HER THIS AFTERNOON / WHY DON'T YOU STOP IN TO MEET HER?

HOLY MOLLY! BE WORRIED / MIGHT ANY ONE BE LEFT TO TRY TO KILL ME NOW?



NO WORRY / JUST HAVE BEEN IN A DIRT TRUCK / AND BEG BEEN LEAVING TODAY, BE ? IN ORDER TO HAVE A TALK WITH TWO FELLOW STRANGERS ALONE!











DON'T  
STAY AWAY  
MAYBE ?



NO ! DON'T !  
COMPOUND IT ! WE  
CAN'T AFFORD  
THAT !!

THANK YOU,  
MR. MORRIS !



FURTERMORE, BUT IF CAPTAIN MARVEL ?  
IMAGINE HOW HELPLESS YOU'LL BE  
AFTER YOUR BODY IS  
BURIED ! HA-HA !



WELL ? I CAN'T LET THE JAPANESE ! I TRY  
BURY ME, I'LL NEVER GET BACK INTO MY  
BODY AGAIN ! HA-HA ! MR. MORRIS  
IS RELATED A GOOD ON  
TOWN !



THERE JUST BE A MESSAGE,  
EXPLAINING WHAT DELICIA DID  
TO ME ! HA ! MR. MORRIS  
IS READING IT  
NOW !

THE  
THE MASTER  
OF ZODD MAY  
REMOVE THE SPIRIT  
FROM THE BODY GIVING  
THE APPEARANCE OF  
DEATH. ONLY BY PRO-  
NOUNCING THE MAGIC  
WORDS  
"MIA-KA-AYUMI"  
OVER THE BODY CAN  
THE SPIRIT BE RE-  
TURNED. IT HAS  
GIVEN THE MAN



WELL ? I CAN'T LET THE JAPANESE ! I TRY  
BURY ME, I'LL NEVER GET BACK INTO MY  
BODY AGAIN ! HA-HA ! MR. MORRIS  
IS RELATED A GOOD ON  
TOWN !

THE  
ANSWER,  
WELL  
THAT'S  
FOLLOWING  
CAN DO !

GRAND!  
 BEST LIVING  
 MAN (I AM)!  
 THANKS FOR  
 TRYING TO  
 MAKE HIM  
 UNDERSTAND!



IF I WERE FACT FACTOR IN A COGNATE  
 CLOTHING CONNECTION, I MAY BE ABLE  
 TO GIVE UP A SLIGHT SKEWED!



FASTER AND FASTER THE WORLD'S  
 MOSTEST MEDICAL TRAVELS!

IT'S WORKING!

WHAT AN AMAZING  
 SUCCESS! I'  
 BECOME THROUGH  
 THE PAIN  
 BACK!



THAT'S GREAT! ONLY I CAN'T READ  
 THIS UP MUCH LONGER!



GRAND!  
 SINCE THAT THE PAIN  
 HAS RETURNED BACK TO  
 THE MEDICAL, CAN NOW  
 THE DOCTOR CAN  
 BRING PEOPLE BACK  
 FROM THE  
 APPEARANCE  
 OF DEATH!

I DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN ONES! / BUT I'M  
 GOING TO TRY IT! / I'LL RUSH DOWN TO THE  
 CH-HELL WHERE YOU'RE GO!  
 CAPTAIN MARVEL!



Answer!

GRAND'S LITTLE, THE EVIL, GRAND, OUTSIDE!

CAPTAIN MARVEL AND  
 ME. ANSWER ARE NOW  
 HERE! ... I'LL TRY THE BOOK  
 OF 2000 IS OPEN /  
 IS IT POSSIBLE  
 CAPTAIN MARVEL  
 MANAGED TO CONVINCE  
 SOME MEDICAL!



I CAN'T AFFORD TO THIS CHANGE! /  
 I'LL TRY WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL'S  
 BODY WITH THE  
 SAFELY BUILD!







# Bob ELLIOTT

NATIONAL LEAGUE'S MOST VALUABLE PLAYER - 1947



"BASES LOADED, BOB - HOUR'S UP" "I KNOW"

CALLED "MR. TEAM" BY HIS BOSTON BEANS TEAM - MR. ELLIOTT'S A REAL HUSTLER - HUSKY 5FT. 10 1/2 IN. ATHLETE PLAYS BOTH 3RD BASE AND OUTFIELD - WHEREVER HE CAN HELP HIS TEAM MOST



A MURDEROUS HITTER IN THE CLUTCH, "BUSTIN' BOB" KNOCKED IN 18 RUNS LAST YEAR FROM CLEANUP SLOT IN BRAVES CARNUP. ALSO BOASTED 197 BATTING AVERAGE AND SLAMMED 22 HOME-RUNS - FOR NATIONAL LEAGUE'S FINEST ALL-AROUND PERFORMANCE.

"I'VE BEEN EATING WHEATIES - 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' - FOR OVER TEN YEARS," SAYS BOB ELLIOTT "THEY'RE WHOLESOME - NUTRITIOUS - AND PACK LOTS OF SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT TO ANY ATHLETE AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH."



# WHEATIES THE BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

# CAPTAIN KID

## CHAMPION CHAMPIONS



CAPTAIN KID SUCCESSFULLY TALKS TO PARENTS THAT ARE THE CHIEFS OF COUNTESS.



...NOT THERE - 1945...



WALKING DOWN THIS LONELY, DESERTED ROAD AT PRESENT...

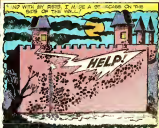


SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE I SAW A CASTLE...



OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME A YELL FOR HELP...

HELP!  
SOMEONE!  
IT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE!





AND NOW TO SEE WHO'S IN THERE!

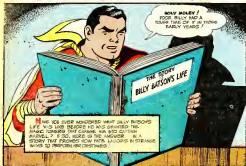






# Captain MARVEL

## BILLY BATSON'S BOYHOOD!



"BUT I WOULDN'T STEAL... I STOOD IN THE PASSAGE—GOLD FOR YOURS, HOPING TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY SO THAT AN OTHER WOULD WOULDN'T BE ASKED!"



"BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY I BROUGHT HIM, HE ALWAYS WHIPPED ME, BECAUSE THERE WASN'T MORE!"



"INDIFFERENT LITTLE BRAT!"

"THAT'S ALL THE GOOD YOU'RE CAPABLE OF! GO TO BED EARLY AND YOU WON'T FEEL TOO HUNGRY FOR ME!"



"AND THEN ONE DAY"



"I'D A LETTER—FOR ME!"

"GIVE IT HERE!"



"WELL, WHAT DOES THIS? A DEARER RELATIVE OF YOURS HAS WROTE FOR A BOX OF MONEY! I'LL SHOW HOW TO PUT IT TO GOOD USE!"

"PLEASE, UNCLE, WILL THERE BE ENOUGH FOR A NEW PAIR OF SHOES? THESE ARE TOO OLD BECAUSE THEY CAN'T KEEP OUT THE WIND AND COLD!"



"DEMANDING THINGS, AGAIN!"



"SLEEP IN THE SHOW 'CAUSE! I TELL YOU, YOU'LL BE ANGRY, AND THE LORDS I GAVE YE! WHOSE? MAKE THE NEW CLOTHES, TOO!"

"GRRRR!"



ROCK LAD! HE JUST'VE  
SLEPT HERE ALL NIGHT!  
LOOKING HALF DEAD  
TO ME!



IN THE HOSPITAL, I KISS'D FOR THE FIRST TIME  
THE MOUTH OF A NURSE...

YOU MUST BE HALF STARVED!  
EAT ALL YOU LIKE! THERE'S  
MORE WHERE THAT  
CAME FROM!

MY STEPMOTHER HAVING VISITED ME WELL,  
I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL... BUT I WENT BACK  
THERE, WITH A NEW WELL... IT WAS THE ONLY  
HOME I KNOW...



AND HOME / THE MOTHER'S  
SISTER!



TRICKS AND MOVED  
OUT THE NEXT  
DAY!

YES, LAD! YOUR  
SISTER CARES  
AND A LOT  
OF MONEY  
TRICKED  
ALL THE  
MONEY

THAT  
WAS  
MY  
MONEY  
HE STOLE  
FROM ME!

IT WAS SOME WIND, THAT WAS A  
BLESSING IN DISGUISE! THE  
NEXT DAY I WENT OUT AND  
BROKE A JOB AS A NEWSBOY!  
AND FINALLY I ENDED UP  
WORKING FOR MR. BROWN  
AT BOSTON WARE!



BUT I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED  
TO MY STEPMOTHER? HE...

HELP!...  
OH! OH!



A NEWSBOY! HE'S BEING  
BEATEN UP BY TWO THUGS!  
SNAZAM!











**GIRLS!-BOYS!** Get This New

# BEANIE 'COPTER

Only **25¢**

with any wrapper from  
Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops



**HOOTIN' HOORS! HERE'S A REAL GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN YOU WALK OR RUN!**

**IT'S NEW! YOU'LL MISS LOTS OF FUN IF YOU DON'T HAVE A REAL TOOTSIE BEANIE 'COPTER! SEND TODAY!**



You'll wish with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this bean-looking new Tootsie BEANIE'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stretched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops. Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did!



**TOOTSIE ROLLS**  
Box 221, New York 8, N. Y.

You had I want to be first in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE'COPTER for each one I enclose 25¢ in coin and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name.....  
My Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Offer expires October 31, 1954. Supply limited—first come, first served.  
Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law in your state or municipality.  
Offer good only in United States.

# Captain MARVEL

VERSUS THE WORLD'S WILDEST MAN

A NO TALKY STORY









HERE WE ARE, MR. TANNY... WHAT? J. JARRO HAS ESCAPED?

YES! WE'VE LOOKED IN THE CITY! HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT IN NO TIME AT ALL!

WE'LL TRACK HIM DOWN! PICK UP HIS TRAIL, MR. TANNY!

SHOO! SHOO! I DON'T BEAR TO FIND IT! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN AN AIRLIFT SERVICE, LIKE A MONKEY!



THE JUNGLE MAN? I CAN RUN SO FAST!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO FAST? HE CAN BEAT THE "GOLD" OF ANY OTHER PEOPLE WHO CAN!



MEANWHILE, THE JUNGLE MAN SCOUTS FURRO!

SHOO! SHOO!



DELICIOUS BANQUET, ISN'T IT?



HE NEEDS SOME MORE... LE... BEEN INTO... DANCED, MY GOOD MAN!

SHOO! SHOO! THEY ALLOW AT BANQUETS THESE DAYS!



MR. WOOD! SHOO!

SHOO! SHOO!

HELP! I NEED SOME!









# Jack's TALKING DOG

WHAT CAN HE SAY?

I'LL LET HIM TALK FOR YOU

**CRACKER JACK**  
IS DELICIOUS, CRISPY  
CANDY-COATED  
POPCORN AND  
PEANUTS

COME AND SEE JACK'S TALKING DOG

OK



-AND THERE'S A SURPRISE NOVELTY IN EVERY BOX

LET'S TRY IT



THE MORE YOU EAT - THE MORE YOU WANT



**LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK**

AT CONFECTION COUNTERS-BREAD CANDY AND GROCERY STORES-AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS IN AMUSEMENT PARKS DISCOUNTS-CARNIVALS BALL PARKS-2008 RESORTS AND RAILROAD DEPOTS.

# DOPEY DANNY DEE

FIXED IT!



ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN FIX IT?

YES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY.



IT'S A GOOD IDEA, BUT I'M NOT SURE I CAN HANDLE A PROBLEM OF THIS KIND.

YOU CAN TRY.



THAT'S RIGHT. WHEN I GOT TO THE POINT OF VIEW, I FOUND OUT THAT THE MAN IN THE SUIT WAS THE LOCAL CENTER.



YES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO FIX IT.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW HOW TO FIX IT?



I COULDN'T FIND THE ANSWERS TO MY PROBLEM.

# MENACE OF THE METAL MEN

*A Jon Jarl Adventure*

By *Kawlo Binder*

LIEUTENANT JON JARL of the Space Patrol landed his rocket ship on Asteroid X-488. Before him lay the estate of James Van Asto, wealthy retired financier. Jon saw shady lanes of trees, a sparkling swimming pool, and a large marble mansion. Aston's home was magnificent to the last word, like any such estate on Earth. The only difference was that here on Asteroid X-488, air had to be artificially created. A compact motor, pumping stations supplied the so-called "heavy" air which gave the tiny asteroid an atmosphere that did not leak away into space too rapidly.

There were many such asteroid estates scattered through the thousands of small planets. And Jon somewhat hated his present assignment, visiting one after another to say that all was well. It was something like the "beat" of a policeman on Earth down a city street only here Jon would drop an asteroid to asteroid.

At the door Jon's knock was answered by the butler who glared brightly in the van like metal. He was metal. He was a robot.

Jon was not surprised. All wealthy people had robots for servants. Robots could perform all the duties a human could, and usually better. Also they lasted a lifetime. They required no food, running on an atomic battery good for 20 years.

"Hello, Tin Face," Jon said. He greeted all robots the same way. "Is your master in?"

Jon waited for the mechanical man to bow with a crash and utter first in, as was servants usually do. But to his ear "the tin robot" stood stiffly blocking the way as he studied Jon as a cat, by name. "Go away. Nobody allowed inside."

"What?" Jon frowned. Something was wrong. "Out of my way, Tin Face."

Jon stepped forward, but a steel hand came to his chest and Jon flew backwards head over heels a dozen feet. Robots had twice the strength of any man living!

Jon picked himself up, around. The biggest mystery of all was that any robot could do this way against a human. Their rudimentary metal brains were always equipped with a "governor" that made them short-circuit if they made any hostile move against a human being.

"Holy smoke," muttered Jon. "Now I know there's something wrong. This robot has been tampered with! His governor has been carved off so that he can oppose humans! Now the question is, how do I get past him?"

Jon decided on a trick. "I'm going to knock you down, Tin Face!" he roared. The robot spread his arms and legs, blocking the hallway completely. Jon rushed straight at him—then dashed between his open legs!

By the time the slow-witted automation turned, Jon was speeding down the hall. Jon yanked open the living room door and took to a grin wide.

James Van Asto, his wife, and their daughter were all tied up in chairs. Guarding them was another robot. A third robot was using his tremendous strength to rip open a wall safe.

Last of all, Jon's eyes rested on the man who directed all these proceedings. He was a tall, stocky man with a harsh, evil-looking face. He swung around now, hearing Jon enter.

"So?" he grunted. "A member of the honorable Space Patrol, eh?"

"Who are you?" demanded Jon.

The big man half bowed. "Professor Carl Darnson, at your service."

"Professor Darnson?" gasped Jon. "The mechanical genius who has a workshop here on X-488. But you're supposed to be a scientist—not a robber!"

The professor grinned evilly. "Eh? Science does not pay. Look at these ten pages, lying on history. I decided to rob them. I pretended to be their guest, and then secretly subverted the governors of their robot servants. I have three powerful robots, now serving me! And what are you going to do about it?"

JON'S reply was to whip out his ray gun. He shot, but Professor Darnson ducked behind a robot, and the ray charge hitted harmlessly against hard metal. Then, as a sharp command from the renegade scientist, the robot stalked toward Jon Jarl, steady arms outstretched to seize him.

Jon shot at the robot again and again, but it was useless. He couldn't shoot down a being made of steel and alloy. Jon turned to escape—only to fall into the

arm of the robot better, who had now entered behind him. Jon struggled furiously in the grip of the metal man, but finally was forced to give up.

"Hold him tight," the professor beamed, "till we finish our burglary."

**I**N the grip of the robot, Jon could only watch helplessly, as the scientist took jewels and money from the ripped-open wall safe stuffing them in a bag. Van Asto and his family gaped as well as they dared in hopeless resignation. Not even a member of the Space Patrol could stop this high-handed thief and his robots!

"A small fortune!" crowed the scientist. "Now I'll tell you a secret, Lieutenant, since soon you're going to die. I'm not just a common criminal. I'm going to use this money to set up a secret plant and—produce more robots! Hundreds — thousands — millions of them! Then, with an army of metal men at my back, I'm going to conquer and rule the Solar System! That's my real aim!"

Jon's mind raced. Robot armies against human forces? Hard metal against soft flesh? No matter how many robots would be poured down by brass cannons and bombs, more and more metal warriors could be turned out of secret factories in an endless stream. In such a battle, the robots must win! It was a stark picture that made Jon wrinkle in mental agony.

Professor Darsoon, a traitor to his race—was a madman! But a madman who might well succeed in his frightful plot!

Jon's mind spun frantically. What could he do, here and now, to slip this dread scheme in the bud? How could he win against three powerful robots and their ruthless master?

"But you've heard enough!" the scientist snapped. "Now you die! Crush him in your hands, robots! Tear him to shreds!"

Gradually, the robots advanced on Jon, their steel hands ready to pull him apart as if he were a rag doll. Jon swung his fist at one robot's expressionless face only to groan as his knuckles cracked painfully against the metal.

But even as they began wrenching at his arms, Jon saw his salvation. "Stop, robots!" he yelled. "Stop and — FIGHT EACH OTHER!"

Jon held his breath. Would it work? It should, for the professor had schooled their governors. This meant that any command given them would be obeyed, no matter how senseless.

And the next moment, a terrific noise filled the air crashingly. The three robots began battling with wild fury.

"Stop!" shrieked Professor Darsoon.

But it was no use. The die they raised drowned out the scientist's voice, and the robots kept fighting.

Jon leaped at the professor. "It's a man to man fight now!" he called. He crossed his fist into the professor's face. And then Jon stared at the raw blood running down his knuckles.

The blow had no more effect than if Jon had hit a stone wall! Professor Darsoon grinned in glee triumph.

Slowly, his face white, Jon raised his gun and shot. The professor made no move to escape. The ray charge burned away a patch of clothes on his chest—burned away skin-colored plastic—revealing the gleaming metal that lay underneath.

Jon gasped. "You—are—a—robot—too!" he gasped.

"You!" howled the disguised robot. "You see the true Professor Darsoon created me in his laboratory. He made me far superior to other dumb robots. Then, realizing I might be dangerous to the human race, he tried to destroy me. But I killed him first! He had covered me with skin-colored plastic, so that I would look human. That made it easy for me to disguise myself as a human and deprive Van Asto of let me enter his house and make allies out of my robot brothers here."

He waved as where the three robots lay in a broken, lifeless tangle, having battered each other to bits. "Clever," he said, "making my robots destroy each other. But now you will die at the hands of another robot — me!"

Again steel-strong hands gripped Jon, ready to snuff out his life. In sheer desperation, Jon grasped the robot in his own hands and swung him over his head. In the light gravity of the tiny asteroid, Jon was able to heave the bulky robot against one hard stone wall.

There was a thundering crash—and the robot came apart at the seams. Whizz and whizz burst forth like an unspinning watch. It was the end of the diabolical metal master who might have conquered and enslaved the entire living population of the Solar System.

**J**ON knew that never again would such a robot mechanism be created. But he also knew, as he continued his beat through the asteroids, that he would shudder a little when the next robot better opened a door for him.

THE END

JON JARL will be in CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES next month!

# Captain MARVEL

## IN THE RADIO PLAGUE!



AND CAN THE KING OF EARTH BE  
 CHINA, THE WORLD'S RAREST SCARLET P

AND TO KING  
 SCARLET P

SEE, SEE! I'M  
 THE KING OF ALL  
 EARTH, AT LAST! I'M  
 KING OF THE  
 ENTIRE WORLD!  
 SEE, SEE, SEE!



OF COURSE, THE HUMAN  
 RACE IS GONE! AND I  
 IMPORTED THREE PEOPLE  
 FROM ANOTHER PLANET  
 TO TAKE OVER AND RUN  
 THE WORLD!



EVEN IF A BOSTON WAVE  
 TURNS, FULLY BACKED BY  
 NO LOWER GROUP OF  
 THE HEAVS! AS WE!  
 NO-SQUITTING IS  
 EACH BETTER!



HELLO, FOLKS! THE IS VERY BLASTED, YOUR  
 BOY NEWSCASTER! TODAY OUR PEOPLE AND  
 BRIGHT KING SCARLET P FORTUNE OUR CITY!  
 HE IS THE GREATEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED!  
 AND TO KING SCARLET P



SEE, SEE! I WILL NEVER  
 CHANGE TO CAPTAIN  
 MARVEL, AGAIN!

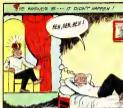


SEE, SEE! THE LAST NEWS BOAT  
 LEFT OF THE STAR LINE!  
 DESTROYED BY  
 SCARLET P!  
 REVENGE!



**W**HAT BASTARD  
 REASON IS THIS IF  
 THE HUMAN RACE IS  
 GONE FROM EARTH!  
 IN ITS PLACE,  
 FORMED THE WORLD  
 ARE OTHER-WORLD  
 PEOPLE! I AM KING  
 SCARLET P KING OF  
 ALL! SEE! DID I  
 SAYED?







OFFICER / CAN I GO IN, MR. ... ?

WALT / CAPTAIN MARVEL / SORRY AT ALL, IT ALLOWED TO GO INTO THE PLASTER STRENGTH AREA !



EVEN THOSE TWO DOCTORS ARE ASKED TO GO IN WITHOUT PROTECTION !

THIS IS THE MOST TERRIBLE PLACE EVER MADE OF ! IT'S CAUSED BY SOME UNKNOWN BEAM ! WE'VE GONE TO TRY TO GET THOSE MEN BEAM BARRER ! NOT IF THEY SAY THE BEST WE'VE DONE OUT AGAIN !



WALT, DID I LET ME GO IN AND TRY OUT THE MAGIC, FIRST ! EVEN IF IT FAILS, NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO ME !

MARV ! NOT A BAD IDEA, CAPTAIN MARVEL !



I KNOW YOU DOCTORS ARE NOT CONVINCED ! BUT THERE'S NO USE BRIBING YOUR LIVES INTO A FINE OUT FOR SURE, IF THIS AREA WILL WORK, I'LL BECOME YOU THE REPORTER LATER !



I'LL BREATHE IN THE AIR BEHIND ! IF ANY OTHERS COME THROUGH THE MAGIC



WALT ! THIS IS NO BODY AT ALL BECAUSE BEAMS DON'T KILL ME ! IN THE FIRST PLACE ! WHAT I WANT TO DO IS COME TO BEAT ! BILLY WILL GIVE THE BEAM A GOOD TEST !



IS THE BEAM FAULT, AND BILLY WANTS TO GET THE PLASTER, OR CAN THIS QUALITY CHANGE BACK TO ME ! SO, ... BE FIRST !

WALT STORMS TOWARD CAPTAIN MARVEL AND HE FAILS TO COMPARE TO SUPERMAN ???









WOULD I WISH! BORN! I SHIP OUT  
OF IT AND COME OUT HERE! I SHOULD  
SOON AND THE UP THIS  
BOY!

IS-YEST  
JUSTICE?



IT IS DONE,  
O MAJORITY!

WELL, I'VE  
TO BE SURE  
ALL THE Y

HEAR, HEAR!



WELL, I'VE TO BE SURE  
ALL THE Y



NO I'M GOING TO WIFE OUT THE HUMAN RACE!  
AND I'M READY TO DO WITH MY GREEN  
CLOSTER! I'VE BORN, BUT I'VE  
TOO LONG TO DROP THEM ON ALL DYING!  
NO I WANT THE WORLD OUT ALL OVER THE  
WORLD BY BORN WIFE! **HEAR!**



THE SMALL TOWN AND  
JUST A TEST! IT WOULD  
HOW I'LL SEND THE BORN  
WIFE ALL OVER EARLY!  
BORN! I'VE BORN  
AND I'VE BORN  
WIFE ALL OVER  
WORLD!



AND HERE, OVER WORLD  
PEOPLE IN APOSTROPH HAVE  
ALREADY ASSESSED THAT I AM  
THIS MAN! I'VE BORN  
AND I'VE BORN  
WIFE ALL OVER  
WORLD!

YES,  
O BORN!



BORN! I BORN THE PLAGE  
ALL OVER EARLY, I'LL SEND A BORN  
WIFE AT YOU, BORN! I WANT TO  
SEE YOU WIFE AND THE BORN  
WIFE! I'VE BORN  
AND I'VE BORN  
WIFE ALL OVER  
WORLD!



# WHIPPERSNAPPERS!



HEY, YOU WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE DENTIST'S OFFICE?

I JUST HAD A TOOTH REMOVED!



HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD!

...BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT!

YOU JUST HAD A TOOTH PULLED AND YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT!



THAT'S RIGHT... I'M OUT OF MY HEAD!



WELL, YOU'VE WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR LITTLE BABY?

OH, HE'S WONDERFUL, BUT I WISH A RIDICULE FOR YOU!



BEAR UP

WHEN IS A BABY NOT A BABY?

GOON! GOON! WAAAA!



WHEN IT'S A LITTLE BARE!

2222



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AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!

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PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...  
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**SEND NO MONEY**

Merely clip out card and mail today. Then pay postage only \$2.00 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return unopened within 10 days for a speedy refund.



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BECAUSE YOU

*Make Money With Your Own*

**JUKE BOX  
BANK**

**A Real Money-Maker  
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP  
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to maybe dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a copy plastic reproduction of the beautiful Juke Box design of the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because everyone wants to see it light up beautifully and flash its bit of advice! "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—so which we might add: it's easy to be thrifty when you have an attractive, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

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**\$7.98**  
Complete With  
Money & Bill

Put Your Coins in  
Slot and Press!

**JUKE BOX  
GLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES!**

*It's Wise to Be Thrifty*

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. 17 17

# ADVENTURES of "D.C." and QUICKIE



**JOHNNY BLACK BROWN SAYS:**

**PARO, IT'S A CONCH 'N' C PASTERE BUST!**

I think the best way to get a good Royal Crown is to get it right. My definition of right is that it's a good one. The only way to get a good one is to get it right. The only way to get a good one is to get it right.

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**

Get the Best One. It's the only one that's right. It's the only one that's right. It's the only one that's right.